

NO. 9.

was black—redress cannot mend it; so long as we live, life requires duties and effort from him; let me not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption.”

“True,” said my aunt; “but let him not expect, though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he will be respected as a worthy man.”

“A year passed,” resumed my aunt, without needing the remark. “Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could not forget Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; but he was told that she had died, and, for that reason, Clement wrote to Paul an accusing note. Actualized retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours’ illness; her infant even died before her. In its extremity, we were told it for Paul that Clement was having a terrible, consuming grief, that seemed to mangle his soul, &c.”

innome tenderness. When he recovered from this blow, he roused himself to a new existence. Clein had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness of his continued friendship even. "After the first shock of feeling," he said, "the thought of what I had done to such an angel, which had been tempered to such an act, changed, slowly and gradually, into such a love, and I was able to change my anger into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my error; but if it is worthy of acknowledgment, I will not shrink from it. I will acknowledge my labor for the welfare of others, and so work to the end of my life. I will be true to the principles I have brought more feebly forward, with such defect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than mine—may I be able to do better."

me not crushed, he proved that life still lay before me as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; it is the natural result of so severe an experience; and I am sure she is not unworthy of it."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with a astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain—do preserve you from sinning against your own conscience. Remember, my dear friend, that God gives you grace and strength to rise above your fall, and to maintain me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review my argument. Mabel came here!—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—'One must still hope,' she said, 'and can be pardoned,' she said; 'but I think you do repent, and I am glad.'"
"My tears flowed." "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered.—"I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"
She kissed me, and rose up; and there were tears in her eyes.—"Let it be, then, as though it had never been said. Let me teach you, Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached me, and, holding my hand, she added in a sad tone, and, holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you

st some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, us and I will be better friends ".

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence: I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to do so, so I followed my aunt quickly out the room.

She turned kindly round, and dispatched me on my message as of old: I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed I had not been done, with selfish heart and untrusting tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

The Dardanels.

The old songs of Jénin's were opened, when Rome was at war; and their modern prototypes, the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a state of war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it necessary to admit his allies through them

The Dardanelles, from which the strait, or Hellespont, derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite to each on the European and Asiatic coasts; of are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles, the old castles, were raised by Mahomet soon after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453; the other two, the new castles, were built in 1660, and were the work of the present emperor, the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance from thence is about two miles and a quarter; in four hours sail up the strait are the old castles, which are about three quarters of a mile apart. These are all mounted with formidable batteries. All along the coast of Europe, and the strait, the towers of the fortifications, the rugged rocks, the promontories, the flowery meadows, the verdant hills, the woods, the vineyards, the figs; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds, too, in places a-

ness in classic story. Here it was Leander paid nightly visits to Hero; here the ill-fated hosts of *roses crossed* on a bridge of boats; here Solyman crossed on a bare raft; and in modern times here the swam from Sestos to Abydos.

Two famous straits have been more than once passed. In 1807 to the *Red Squadron*, under Elphinstone, appeared before the tower castles; and the *mistral* actually went by without damage. But the *ships* did not follow him and he returned with drums and trumpets sounding. A British fleet under Admiral Du-Roi forced their passage in 1807. In *acknowledgment* of his despatch to his government, giving an account of the passage, he wrote the following in a narrow channel. He set sail on the morning of the 19th of February. At a quarter before nine he *under* squadron. Under a *trement lions* fire, had passed the tower castles; at half past nine the leading ship, the *Canopus*, entered the narrow passage of Sestos and Abydos, under a heavy cannonade from both

ships, receiving some shot or so from the English gun, which shot a hole in the mast of the "cane" and the rigging. The admiral remained before Constantinople until the 3d of March, when his squadron of ten ships returned. In this interval the Turks had been so busy that the castles were made "doubly formidable," the admiral weighed anchor in the morning of this day and - every ship was in safety out of the passage about noon. The admiral in his dispatch to the king writes "very sensibly" of his good fortune, and admits that had the Turks not allowed a week longer, "it would have been very doubtful" point whether a return would have been to him a "all." He lost 42 killed and 235 wounded. The Turks were so indignant at the escape of the British fleet that they believed the Governor of the Dardanelles was bribed by Duckworth, and believed that he had been guilty of treason.

The Dardanelles are said to be in such a form of condition as to be impregnable.